

...President—
...heart will g



For the Liberator.

A RESPONSE

To the Call for a Convention in favor of consideration
the subject of Woman's Rights, &c. &c.

List now to the call for this novel Convention—
Brethren, awaken, and give your attention!
Complaints from the aggrieved, albeit ideal,
Should arouse the brave heart to sympathy real.
Let us meet, then, at once, our noble accusers,
Nor longer remain their mistaken abusers.

Who knows but we, as the 'Lords of Creation,'
Have verily given this high provocation,
And in the excess of our pride and our power,
Have trampled on woman 'till this very hour.
Sat even as gods, and declared her to be
Inferior to man by Heaven's decree?

Who knows but thus, in our blindness of vision,
We have marked as her 'sphere' a mental condition;
Or petted and spoiled what else was designed
Our compeer, in all, even in mind,
Till at length she's become contented to be
The toy of our sex, the weak trifler we see?

Who knows what vast powers, in napskins now hid-
den,
May leap forth to bless, if once unforbidden?
If custom and law would but leave a fair field,
With weapons which nature prepared her to wield,
And man cease to mock, with a frown or a sneer,
Her presence, where'er in the field she appear?

Who knows what her eloquence, furnished by use,
For the work of reform, in time might produce?
What hopes would arise in the heart of despair,
Like roses of Sharon, blossoming there,
If pulpits were open, and forums, forthwith,
And sex all unknown in the advent of Truth?

Who knows the high destiny planned for us here,
When woman shall hold, when man find his sphere—
When neither shall strive to confine or control
The upward aspirations of each panting soul—
When both shall unite, in harmony blending,
Their watch-word, Excelsior, forever ascending?

Now they ask not for favor, but claim as their right,
What man will withhold by the force of his might;
And cite to the contest those logical powers
So bravely assumed as exclusively ours,
To show them from Nature or a true Revelation,
Our warrant to rule over half the creation.

Let us yield what they claim, then, and throw open
wide
The broad highway of life, for ages denied;
And cheer them while striving with earnest endeavor
To attain their high destiny now and forever;
And give them, instead of our scorn and derision,
Equal laws, equal rights, and an equal position.

A. B. C.

From the Boston Post.
TO J. G. W. *****

Vain Post! when thy halting muse
Hath hobbled through her impotence—
I feel thy only attribute,
Defying rhythm and common sense!

When thy blunt pen hath splattered forth
All which thine addled brain could utter—
And greasy grooves buy thee up,
To wrap around their cheese and butter!

When all which whittiest thou deem'st,
And writest, too, shall be forgot—
When no one, save thy creditors,
Shall heed thy grave, or know the spot!

The simplest thought—the tiniest word,
The Patriot's to the world has given,
Shall be, compared with aught of thine,
As brilliant as a star in heaven!

The selfish can appreciate not
What overleaps the present time—
His mind out-sears the finite group,
Intrepid—liberal—sublime!

WALTER ANONIM, Esq.
* Daniel Webster.

For the Liberator.

REPLY.

Thou, Walter Anonim, Esq.—
'Intrepid—liberal (?)—sublime'—
Hast caught the tallest muse's fire,
And distanced every poet's rhyme!

Yet, in thy warmth, hast thou not erred,
In deeming Freedom's Post 'vain'?

From human lips who ever heard
Aught more palpably insane?

His 'halting muse'! his 'impotence'!
His boldness, bluntness, and his wit,
Crowded within thy place-for-sense,
Thy feeble cranium would split!

Art thou a judge of poetry?
Is 'common sense,' thy 'reason,' 'rhyme'?

Canst thou decide whether it be
Ridiculous, or all-sublime?

Long are those manuscripts are 'bought'
'To wrap around their cheese and butter,'
Your boasted Patriot's highest thought?
May be beside him, in the gutter!

Your 'Patriot's' wit, with his 'retainers,'
And yours to boot, combined together,
And that of Taylor's funeral train,
Would scarcely weigh a single feather!

'The selfish can appreciate not
What overleaps the present time'—
Why, then, for a notorious snob,
Rack your poor brains in writing rhyme?

OLD COLONY.
* O. be joyful!

From the National Era.

TO JOHN G. WHITTIER.

BY A. CURTIS.

Oh, Whittier, thou noble son of song!
Earth's toiling millions, struggling to be free,
Turn with fond hope and gratitude to thee,
As one whose love of truth and courage strong
Shall help to batter down the walls of wrong,
And hasten on the glorious reign of peace.

When strife and hate, and murderous war shall cease,
And men no more at Error's call shall throng,
Unarming might has triumphed far too long,
And thou hast labored with heroic zeal,
In fear and hope, with earnest pen and tongue,
For Right, and Truth, and for our country's weal.

Till Freedom's hosts count thee their champion,
And one and all bid thee, in God's name, go on.
Jefferson, Ohio, July 22, 1850.

WHAT A WORLD IT MIGHT BE!

O! what a world of beauty
A loving heart might plan—
If man did but his duty,
And helped his brother man!

The angel-guests would brighten
The threshold with their wings,
And love divine enlighten
The old forgotten springs.

Reformatory.

FREDERICK BREMER, AND ZACHARY
TAYLOR, THE SLAVEHOLDER.

MISSOURI, (Ohio.)
Sunday, September 8, 1850.

TO JAMES HARRINGTON, Dublin, Ireland:

DEAR JAMES—My heart is sorely grieved, and turns
to thee for sympathy, because in thy domestic circle
I have so often spoken with thee, in heart-felt admi-
ration of the person who has sent anguish to the
hearts of three millions of slaves—all of those, in
this land, who feel for them as bound with them.
The facts are these—

Zachary Taylor, late President of this falsely-named
republic, claimed, held and used three hundred hu-
man beings as slaves—turned them into brutes and
things—compelled them to live without marriage—
crushed and sundered all their domestic ties and en-
dearments, by tearing asunder husbands and wives,
parents and children, brothers and sisters—bred and
reared human beings for the market as he did mules
and swine—and merged the bodies and souls of his
slaves, their reason, their conscience, their time and
energy, their God, their entire being, in his own pecu-
niary profit. This same Zachary Taylor, in con-
nection with Cuban bloodhounds, led on the exterminat-
ing war against the Seminole Indians, to destroy them,
solely because they gave refuge to men and women
fleeing from the whips, fetters and horrors of slavery.

He led on the war against Mexico, waged
solely to extend and perpetuate slavery; to increase
the profits of the slave trade, and to give efficacy
to slave-breeding. Eighty thousand Mexicans were
murdered, and several thousand Indians were torn to
pieces, by Zachary Taylor and his coadjutors—because
they would not give up their soil to the dominion of
slavery, and because they would feed the hungry,
clothe the naked, and give shelter and protection to
the wandering, panting, hunted fugitive from republi-
can whips and chains. Had the king of Sweden, or
any nobleman in that kingdom, done exactly what
Zachary Taylor did as a slave-breeder, a slave-trader,
a slaveholder, and a warrior, what would Freder-
ick Bremer have said of him? And Taylor lived
when neither shall strive to confine or control
The upward aspirations of each panting soul—
When both shall unite, in harmony blending,
Their watch-word, Excelsior, forever ascending?

Now they ask not for favor, but claim as their right,
What man will withhold by the force of his might;
And cite to the contest those logical powers
So bravely assumed as exclusively ours,
To show them from Nature or a true Revelation,
Our warrant to rule over half the creation.

Let us yield what they claim, then, and throw open
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The broad highway of life, for ages denied;
And cheer them while striving with earnest endeavor
To attain their high destiny now and forever;
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Several months ago, Frederick Bremer, the author
of 'The Neighbors,' 'The President's Daughter,' and
of many other works that have been read with deep
interest by the abolitionists of America, because
of their tendency to humanize man, and help on his
progression in love, justice and goodness, came to this
country to study its maxims, manners, customs and
institutions. During his residence here, slavery, in
connection with Mexico, California, and fugitive slaves,
has absorbed the entire mind of the nation—almost
the only topic of discussion in the family, the lyceum,
the social circle; in the newspapers and periodicals,
in the halls of legislation, and in the steamboat
and rail-car. Frederick Bremer knew the past and
present life of Zachary Taylor. She could not have
been in this country, as she has been, and not know
that he claimed and used three hundred human beings
as brutes and chattels. She must have heard the
groans of the mothers bereft of their children by him;
she must have seen the tears and the lacerated backs,
—in her mind's eye,—of the men and women on his
plantation in the south-west. Knowing all these things,
as she must have known them, with the crimes of that
man staring her in the face; with three hundred men
and women bereft by that man of every right, even the
right to husband and wife, to parent and child, to brother
and sister, to education, to worship God, to body and
soul, to time and eternity, to God and heaven, lying
in misery before her eyes; hear how she speaks of
him in an article in 'Northern Magazine'.

She visits him—sees him and his friends, 'unassuming
bearing,' 'straight-forward, friendly manners,'
'the firm and cordial pressure of his hand,' 'his
standing serene, smiling to the children,' as 'a gallant,
true, American gentleman'—as one whose 'speech
flowed on so pleasantly and so cheerfully, while he
spoke of the Indians, whom he knew well'—as one
who 'had long since made of death a friend'—as one
to whom 'duty had been and was the spring of
his life and actions'—as one in whom 'truthfulness
and conscientiousness were the unswerving qualities
of his mind,' and 'who in these virtues was great.'

In summing up she says—'Happy the man who lived
and died as he, who, on his death-bed, looking over
a life of great military and civil import, could so
serenely say—I am not afraid to die—I have tried to
do my duty.'

Such is Zachary Taylor, as delineated by Freder-
ick Bremer. She has catalogued that man, gory with
the blood of 80,000 innocent Mexican men, women
and children, gorged with the flesh, blood and brains
of innocent Seminole women and children, torn to
pieces by his blood-hounds, and covered by the ex-
ecutions of three millions of slaves, whose homes he
has made desolate, whose wives and daughters he
has consigned to prostitution, and whose tears and
hearts' blood he has drunk with his every meal; that
man, thus stained with every crime, who has exhib-
ited to the world as gentle, kind, loving, just, honest,
truthful, merciful, pious, and worthy of all imitation
in his life and in his death. What will Zachary
Taylor be when he is entered upon the page of history
by some fugitive slave?—by a Frederick Douglass,
by a Wm. W. Brown, an Ellen Craft, or a Henry
Box Brown? What will he be when he is drawn by
some son or daughter of a Seminole Indian, or by the
victims of his lust and brutality in Monterey and Buena
Vista, when he gave up the women and children of
those towns to the rapacity of his soldiers? The
history of Zachary Taylor's plantations in Tennessee
and Mississippi is yet to be written. Then, if Freder-
ick Bremer has one feeling of self-respect, or human-
ity, or love for her kind, one principle of justice
or right in her nature, who will lament the day that
she ever saw that man, or drew a pen to label a slave-
holder—whose life, for forty years, was spent in giving
security, extension and perpetuity to the most flagrant
system of concubinage, robbery, murder and piracy
the sun ever shone upon.

She speaks of her interview with the slaveholder
in the following strain:—'It was truly a republican
scene—one of those we would find more of on earth—
where all distance between men—all difference
between rank and fortune are done away with, and
life is again an Idyl, full of innocence and beauty
in the lap of great Nature. May the star-spangled
banner float wider and wider over such scenes, such
banquets of life! Poor woman! 'Banquet of life' indeed!
At that very moment, Zachary Taylor was being
waited on by SLAVES—by men and women turned into
brutes; and while she was penning this eulogy on the
slaveholder, the wife and children of the coachman of
Taylor were seized, torn from the arms of the husband
and father, and dragged to Baltimore, to be sold to the
cotton fields and sugar plantations of Louisiana and
Mississippi. They were on the auction-block, to be sold
to the highest bidder, and over that auction block the
'star-spangled banner'—the banner of the Republic—
Poor dupe of slavery! for such is Frederick Bremer,
or she never could have written that, knowing as she
did the facts in the case. Would that she could have
seen that man, wielding the lash, and clenching the
fetter and chain over his 300 imbruted slaves, and the
'star-spangled banner'—the banner of the Republic—
Would she have seen 'all distance—all difference of
rank and fortune done away with between Zachary

Taylor and his slaves? Had she seen him flogging
some poor woman on the bare back till the blood
stood in puddles at her feet, or watching some babe
from its mother's arms, and selling it by the pound,
or pursuing some trembling fugitive slave with rifle
and blood-hound—could she then talk of his 'honest
face,' 'his unassuming bearing,' 'his friendly
manner,' &c. &c.?

With what unctious Mrs. Bremer repeats the last
words of the dying, unrepentant slaveholder: 'I
am not afraid to die; I have tried to do my duty.'
'Tried to do my duty'! How? By letting the oppressed
go free? No. By doing justice to his slaves? No.
By making restitution to those of his fellow beings,
whom, during all his life, he had despoiled of their
all? No. He freed not a slave—he made no restitu-
tion—he healed not one wound which he had inflicted
on humanity, nor expressed one regret that he had
inflicted those deep, enduring wounds. He left 300
men, women and children, to all the untold horrors
of American slavery! And thus that man, with the
'honest face,' as Frederick Bremer tells us, 'tried to
do his duty.'

Dear James, I have often heard you express your
admiration for Frederick Bremer. Who, that has
read her writings, has not admired and loved her? What
can you say of her or for her now? She came to
America—went to Washington—was petted and
patronized by slaveholders—and she has bowed to the
dark spirit of slavery, and laid her humanity on the
altar. She was the much-honored guest of the slave-
holder in the nation's capital, and she heralds to the
world his love, his gentleness, his justice, his honesty,
his piety. Let her spend one year on Zachary Taylor's
plantation, as the whipped and outraged slave of that
man with the 'honest face,' and then see if she will
say that 'truthfulness and conscientiousness were the
unswerving qualities of his mind.'

But I forbear. I am sick at heart when I see such
a woman treacherous to her nature and her God. She
came among us, was weighed in the balance, and
found wanting. I have watched her course, as have
many others, with solicitude, to see which side she
would take on this question of slavery. I know not
that she has written one word to sustain abolitionists.

She has taken occasion, from the death of her slave-
holding friend, Zachary Taylor, to say all the slave-
holders could wish her to say in favor of slavery. She
has fully endorsed the slaveholding character. She
will return to Europe a fallen woman. The exhorta-
tions of three millions of God's poor, afflicted children
will accompany her; for she has, in the only efficient
way possible, struck hands with their oppressors. The
hearts of many will grieve over her fall. Her
writings can never be read again by the abolitionists
of this country as they have been. Would that Freder-
ick Bremer had never set foot on American soil!

Better had it been for her had she found her grave in
the deep sea, ere she landed here to swell the nation's
anthem of praise over one of the direst and most re-
lentless slaveholders that ever cursed this world. Let
her be dumb, henceforth, as to the despoils of Europe;
for in our nation's capital, she has done homage
to a more heartless, more inhuman tyrant, than even
filled an European or Asiatic throne. Let her cease
to bewail the condition of Europe's tolling millions,
for she has turned her back on the sufferings of the
enslaved millions of this Republic.

You may think me severe and unjust; I am not.
I feel, I think, I speak, as a slave on Zachary Taylor's
plantation; as his poor, imbruted, despised, heart-
rending slave, and not as his honored guest in the
White House. Yes, I am a slave; under the lash,
denied my manhood, herded with brutes, and driven
on his plantation in the south-west. Knowing all these
things, as she must have known them, with the crimes
of that man staring her in the face; with three hun-
dred men and women bereft by that man of every right,
even the right to husband and wife, to parent and child,
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Frederick Douglass is nearly six feet tall, and well
proportioned. He is a mulatto, not much darker
than some of the slaveholders at the South. He has
a square jaw which does not indicate the giant
of his profession; an aquiline nose; a wide
forehead, and a pair of eyes which show the un-
yielding firmness of the man. He has a habit of
twisting the muscles of the mouth when he be-
comes excited, as though a speech was breaking
out of it in silent agony. He dresses neatly,
and with a delicate and graceful air, and is
gentle and gentlemanly in his deportment. He is
perfectly free from affectation and dissimulation. The
honesty of his intentions shines transparently
through his actions. As an orator, he ranks with
the best speakers in Congress. Indeed, there are
but few men in the Senate whose language is as
pure and forcible as his. One of the most eminent
reporters in this country observed that he never heard
any two speakers who occupied an address were fit
for the press as they came fresh from the lips of
the orators,—and these two persons, who speak so ac-
curately, are the Governor of Canada and Frederick
Douglass. While but few of our educated men have
such a command of classical English as Mr. Doug-
lass, a still smaller number can equal him in elo-
quence and originality. His glowing logic, biting
irony, melting appeals and electrifying eloquence,
astonish the multitudes that throng his meetings.

It is universally admitted by the literati of Europe
and America, that Douglass is a great man, whose
mind bears the unmistakable stamp of true genius.
Shame on the man, who has not heard of him, and
who has not read his works!—for a time, at least,
he has talent enough to make a name that will not
die, who has been received into the best society in the
old world, is not permitted to sit at the same table
with white men, is insulted on board of our steam-
boats and rail-cars, driven from our omnibuses and
stage-coaches, because of his complexion. He is
shamed in the city of New York because he
walked in the street in company with some white
ladies of distinction who crossed the Atlantic to pay
him a visit. Since that time, a band of ruffians has
assaulted him in the capital of Ohio, because he was
black! Shame on the people, who, by their voice
and their votes, will sanction such an outrage!

Masses of human beings, considered for a time, at least,
as intelligent, are impelled by dictation to arrange them-
selves and move with a regular mechanical order,
like inanimate machines; no more volition is allowed
them than to the horses that accompany them. A still
more coercive tyranny is seen in the repression of
the emotions of spectators, by the muskets and
bayonets of guarding sentinels; which, though
yet in some degree resisted by the spirit of indepen-
dence, is becoming more and more acquiesced in
by the people. It may be said that these evils are
merely temporary; tolerated only from necessity
on the few days of parade, and that the soldiers,
and even the inflated officers, return at other times
to their social equality with other citizens; but it is
plain, that the more important the exhibitions are
made, the more frequent they will become, and a
larger portion of citizens will be drawn into the
military ranks; and in proportion to the multiplica-
tion of these days of parade will the public mind
lose its just repugnance to military rule, and submit
more readily to its tyrannical yoke. Let us view of
military display be perpetually augmented, and the
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